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UNITY.

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Editorial.

861 + 63 = 924.

ONE Massachusetts lady has sent UNITY twenty-two new subscribers since we invited the "push."

"FOR other things I make poetry of them; but the moral sentiment makes poetry of me," says Emerson in his essay on Swedenborg.

WHEN a friend said to Talleyrand, "I do not know why I have the reputation of being wicked, I was never guilty of but one wicked act in my life," that astute philosopher made a wise and far-seeing reply in the question: "And when will that end?"

A CORRESPONDENT forwards to this office the subscription of an Episcopalian minister in the south, with which he wants UNITY sent to some one to whom it will do good. He adds: "Though an Episcopalian, no one thinks differences of creeds of less consequence, as we are all pretty well agreed as to what makes a good life." Our correspondent adds: "This act is too lovely to be hid away in my heart, so I bring it to you that others may feel the touch of his spirit."

A DISCUSSION is going on among our Universalist friends in *The Gospel Banner* and *Family Visitant*, concerning the relation of a belief in the New Testament miracles to sound Universalism. One writer, while not denying the possibility of the miracles, will not admit belief in them to be essential to Christian life, character, or even as

proofs of the authenticity of Scripture. He fortifies his position with an interesting extract from Luther—"The miracles which Christ wrought on the body are small and childish compared with the high and true miracles which he constantly performs in the Christian world. *Miracles were merely signs for the ignorant, unbelieving crowd.*"

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* thinks that despite its peculiar and even ludicrous methods, the Salvation Army has done more good than harm, and calls attention to the results of its work in the east end of London, where a marked decrease in crime, and more especially in wife-beating—a kind of brutality this country is happily deficient in—is to be noticed since the advent of this strange body of Christian workers.

SCARCELY one of our exchanges fails to offer some passing word of praise and appreciation of the work of the recently deceased editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, Mary L. Booth. All praise alike her strong, womanly character, her sincerity, and the conscientious fidelity, united with unusual mental attainments, which marked every feature of her professional labors, and won the warm respect and esteem of all who knew her. The weekly reunions of her friends at her home afforded a meeting place for some of the choicest and most gifted minds of the day, and are second in interest, and the good influences extending therefrom, only to the memorable Sunday evenings of the poet-sisters, Alice and Phoebe Cary.

PHILLIPS BROOKS's definition of a sermon—"The Truth through Personality." Martineau's definition, "Preaching is essentially a lyric expression of the soul from a representative of the human heart in its divine relations." Ames's word: "Woe to the preacher who merely attaches the people to himself, and not also to the truth and to the kingdom of righteousness! The best result of preaching is that it creates a hunger for something better than any preacher can give. No wonder if the sermon is partly disappointing, as if some higher truth were left unsaid. Who can speak the unspeakable, or unveil the Invisible? All the more fitting it is that the imperfect messenger of truth should be humble, and not make of himself an obstructor of the light he ought to transmit."

FRIENDLY discussion on that book of the hour, Bryce's "American Commonwealth," continues to find a place in the columns of our different exchanges. Rev. Edward Eggleston contributes a short commendatory notice of the work to the March number of *The Century*, in which he repeats the opinion that has been many times expressed, viz.: that of the hundreds of books written about America, this and De Tocqueville's work constitute the two "real books." He pronounces it "a careful and prepared study of American institutions by a great constitutional lawyer," and adds that the effect produced by Prof. Bryce's frank criticisms of the defects of our governmental and social system, as compared with the irritated feeling aroused by the printed opinions of Matthew Arnold, is due entirely to the manner and style of the two writers, "a certain tact and intellectual good breeding in Prof. Bryce which allays beforehand any exaggeration of national vanity." Mr. John W. Chadwick contributes an article on the same subject to the last number of the *Unitarian Review*, commending

the spirit of perfect candor with which the book is written, pronouncing it "a great and noble work," which troubles the reviewer with an embarrassment of riches, and affirming that every American citizen owes Mr. Bryce a debt of gratitude which only a loftier patriotism and a more conscientious citizenship can ever fully pay."

A CORRESPONDENT from the east writes: "Three out of the five who subscribed for UNITY at my request two years ago have stopped taking the paper. This is discouraging to me. Is it not to you?" We answer, no! If it was, we would have stopped publishing UNITY a good many years ago. We are well aware that there are lots of people who do not care for UNITY, and we rejoice to know that there are a few who do care for UNITY very much, and these perhaps like it best for what it tries to do rather than for what it is. UNITY is necessarily largely a monotone. It has no time or scope to interpret many issues. It is so much engrossed in the interests of a cause that it can scarcely be entertaining. We believe the world is to be ennobled through religion; science to be glorified by devoutness; that free thought can be wedded with piety, and that all these are to bloom into churches, sacred organizations for human helpfulness. God helping us, we mean to make it uncomfortable to all those who are not willing to think upon the problems of religion, or who, having thought, have not the courage to stand by and declare the results. UNITY bases its hope for the future upon those who will love it for what it aims at rather than its meager and oftentimes shabby attainments.

"What I aspired to be
And was not, comforts me.

"All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled
The man's amount.

"All I could never be,
All men ignored in me,
This I was worth to God, whose wheel the
pitcher shaped."

THE PRIME EMPHASIS.

Last week we received a letter from a woman chastising us for what seemed to her a lack of interest in the great industrial questions of the day. Her disappointment amounted almost to indignation, because UNITY does not recognize in Henry George "one of God's new Messiahs." Perhaps this sister is right in putting the prime emphasis upon this problem. Perhaps Henry George is right in his theory of taxation. Surely we have no desire to disprove a position which we do not understand sufficiently well, either to prove or disprove. Certainly our sympathies are with his humanitarian aim and his democratic purposes. "A scheme so simple," says the sister, "they call it the 'single tax system.'" We confess to a distrust of simple panaceas for the ills of life. It is not God's method. Civilization is not simple. A simple government is a barbarous government. If you want to avoid complexity, go live in a tent, or, to simplify it still further, seek a cave or a hollow log, where once our fore-elders dwelt. We believe in Henry George, Bellamy, and their associates, while they teach us the inequalities, the atrocities, the dishonesties of things as they are, but when they say that the problem is simple, that the way out of it is easy, that we can vote ourselves into equality, sanity or sobriety, we distrust them.

Selfishness can not be legislated out of the world. Were Bellamy's bewitching scheme in "Looking Backward" realized to-day, to-morrow would precipitate defeat and disappointment such as came upon the smaller schemes of "New Harmony," "Brook Farm," and similar attempts to force that heaven by outside contrivance, which comes only through inside grace and spiritual force. There is ever a danger of magnifying the redemptive power of external contrivances. Evolution works from within and upon the individual. There must first be conscious effort at self-control and direction on the part of the individual long before it becomes an unconscious necessity to the species or the family. Even digestion at first required great attention on the part of the individual, and so we are distrustful of these promises to save society by legislative machinery or physical prosperity. It is the old dream, so bewitching, but so disappointing, of a "holy city" coming down out of heaven, i. e., made from the outside, rather than a city coming up out of the human heart through inward toil. We read with bated breath the glowing prophecies of Henry George and Bellamy. We admire the splendid inclusiveness of their schemes, and love their enthusiasm for humanity. So far as we can see, much of their logic is unanswerable. We read prophecy in their protests, and still we prefer to stick to our preaching rather than to give our time and energy in trying to reconstruct the body politic, to save communities in the aggregate and to handle human souls in bundles. We return from the consideration of such schemes gladly to the emphasizing of individual responsibility, to the attempt at enlarging here and there a life, at touching now and then a solitary soul with a thirst for purity and a disinterested desire for usefulness. We prefer a nineteenth century washerwoman, who, in spite of "crushing monopolies," keeps her children clean, her heart sweet and tender, to the twentieth century Dr. Leete, in "Looking Backward," who complacently discusses his advanced civilization over his wine and with a lighted cigar, because no "nationalization of labor" will make the one any the less a tempter or the other any the less coarse or stupefying. The workman may not have wages enough, but he is a fool who strikes for more who already spends from twenty to fifty per cent. of his present earnings in the saloons and their degrading accompaniments of gaming and licentiousness. Far too much of human life is spent in physical drudgery, but woe to him who shortens his daily toil by an hour that he may spend it in vulgar loafing. With Bellamy, we want to break the monopoly of selfishness, but we would do so by increasing the combinations of love, swallowing up the co-operations of greed by the co-operations of grace. So we fall back from this call to war, and find our more fundamental commission in the words of Mrs. Browning:—

"It takes a soul

To move a body—it takes a high souled man,
To move the masses—even to a cleaner sty;
It takes the ideal to blow an inch inside
The dust of the actual."

We must—

"Raise men's bodies still by raising souls."

We must have—

"Less mapping out of masses to be saved,
By nations or by sexes.
The Christ himself had been no law-giver,
Unless he had given the life too with the law."

RITUALISM AND CONFORMITY.

I.

The event of a Lord Bishop of the established Church of England being brought to trial before the court of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth Palace, which has recently taken place, is one to attract the notice of all the sects in Christendom. It has not happened for two hundred years. And, if it had, there is no time in that period when it would have had quite the significance which it now has. Hitherto church trials have usually involved the orthodoxy of the Christian profession,—the soundness of the theology of the accused. The present and future church trials are likely to turn upon the ethics of the profession,—not on the ethics of the private life (for the present offender has an exemplary character), but on the ethics of public acts, judged by the requirements of the confession of faith or of ordination vows.

In fact the religious movement of our times, its broadening thought, is giving rise to a catalogue of new crimes; is involving society, especially that portion of it connected with the churches, in some of the most delicate and difficult moral questions which men have ever been called on to solve.

Ten charges of violation of ecclesiastical laws in regard to matters of ritual, are brought against the present Bishop of Lincoln. Within two years this high official of the church has used lighted candles on the communion table which were not needed for light; he has mixed water with the wine which he gave to the communicants; he has stood with his back to the people when breaking the bread and taking the cup; he has permitted the "Agnus Dei" to be sung before the distribution of the elements; with hands elevated, and conspicuously, he made the sign of the cross, while pronouncing the absolution and the benediction; immediately after the service, but as part of the ceremony, he has poured water and wine into the paten and chalice, and drunk it in the face of the congregation; he has stood on the west side of the holy table instead of on the side north of it; he has stood with his back to the people while reading the prayer of consecration; and while breaking the bread and taking the cup, was between the holy table and the congregation, so that the communicants could not see these acts. These, and such as these, are the charges which have led to prosecution, likely in its result to affect the whole future of one of the largest and most venerable bodies of Christendom.

To the outside world, and particularly to the unbelieving world, probably nothing could seem more ridiculous and childish than that a great and dignified religious order should be drawn into a controversy and litigation over these things. The irreligious measure all these matters by a standard of utility or fitness that has nothing in common with the traditions of the church. What can these forms signify, one way or the other, they would say, but to show the small and contemptible things over which an old wealthy ecclesiastical establishment busies itself, or the utter insignificance of religion to any living human interest? But even to the masses within the church, the spectacle of this contention is not edifying. Many are scandalized by it, and their faith in organized Christianity is weakened.

Nevertheless, it is a very far-reaching issue. Its roots and causes lie much lower than the peculiar forms either rightly or wrongly introduced into the ritual. These acts, branded as violations of ecclesiastical law, are but the superficial symptoms of sweeping tendencies and of deep designs. They are prophetic of great and radical changes which some men favor and others deplore and deplore. Already the terms "tolerance" and "persecution" are in vogue to rebuke or conjure with on both sides.

And we can see in this case, in the Church of England, a type of that unrest and difference which cleaves every sect in modern times. Spite of creeds,

spite of decrees of synod and council, spite of rubrics and canons ecclesiastical, the peace and unity of no church under authority is maintained. In all there are two tendencies—two wings. And instead of accepting this condition of things, instead of accommodating themselves to this natural and inevitable result, instead of seeing in opposing wings the rudiments of cooperating hands, they set about the dismal and hopeless task of annihilating one or the other tendency. The progressive party shows disrespect for the traditions and customs of the conservatives; the conservative party tries to read or starve the radicals out. And so instead of seeking to do justice to each other, and of finding or making place for all devout and earnest men, the opposing factions do their utmost to limit the usefulness of the organization, wasting their powers, their temper and their opportunity, by warring with each other. The church suffers by the more literal and mindless and mechanical methods of the conservative on the one hand, and by the more negative and destructive spirit of the progressive on the other. Both are perhaps equally liable to become intolerant and bigoted.

Of course the condition of affairs is aggravated when the two tendencies are active, and at the same time there is a written creed as at Andover, or a body of doctrine and discipline as in the Church of England, to which reference can be made as to an authority. The transformation of the nature of the creed by pouring into its ancient phrases the wine of modern scientific thought; or the transgression of the rubric or modification of the ritual by reviving the forms of mediæval or primitive usage, cannot fail to excite criticism, where there is a fixed statute interpretation and standard, to which the church is committed, or to which a man has committed himself by his communion or ordination vows. The duties and offices of a bishop in the Episcopal church are clearly prescribed by law. Referring to the Bishop of Lincoln, the *London Times* says: "The points in which his practice is alleged to have been illegal were many, if not all of them, judicially determined before he became a bishop, by courts at least *prima facie* entitled to his respect. If he could not conscientiously accept the decisions of the court, how could he conscientiously accept the QUEEN'S nomination to a bishopric? It is hard to understand the refinements of a conscience which accepts the one and rejects the other."

But practically any variation from the authorized custom and ceremonials works a hardship; for then, as emanating from a bishop, it takes on the nature of authority for all under him. "The grave amen (writes a correspondent of the *Times*) of an Episcopal infraction of the law is, that if unrebuked, his authority will be quoted by hundreds of aggressive curates, only too eager to intrude their whims upon silent but angry parishioners." "Ritualism" (to quote further) as understood and practiced now-a-days, is a badge of party, and is therefore offensive to those who entertain opinions contrary to those of that party. In its latest development, it gathers round the chief rite of Christian worship and communion. It affects to supplement the deficiencies and correct the teaching of the simple and unadorned service which has satisfied the want of Christians for many generations. It produces forms which it calls primitive and Catholic, and which may be so for anything I know to the contrary, but which are not warranted by the Book of Common Prayer. It never speaks of the Lord's Table, but always of the 'altar', though the former is always used in the Prayer Book, the latter never. And, to give greater emphasis to this change of name, it transforms the table into an altar, as far as appearance goes, wherever it has the opportunity of doing so. If it cannot tamper with the arrangement in the old parish churches in this way, it has free scope in the new ones; and, with

the help of a sympathizing architect, it contrives to erect a structure as like an altar and as little like a table as possible. The latest fashion is to abolish Communion rails, to the great discomfort of old and infirm communicants of both sexes, who need support, and to administer the consecrated element of bread in infinitesimal fragments, scarcely sensible to the touch. These and other innovations which have crept in of late years may seem trifles not worth contending about to philosophical churchmen like 'Scholasticus,' but they are a sore trial and offence to multitudes of equally good churchmen, who know too well what they mean, and who have no choice but either to acquiesce in ceremonies which distress them or to stay away altogether."

L.

Contributed and Selected.

A TOUCHING TRIBUTE IN VERSE.

Not long since I received a letter from an old friend in Greeley, Col., a man of rare scholarship, intellectual vigor and moral integrity, and a man before whose calm yet rugged grandeur I bow as before a superior being. Theologically he is what would be called an agnostic, yet his faith in man and his readiness and efficiency to serve him, would teach many a believer humility.

He tells me in verses, tremulous with emotion, of the death of a promising daughter. I remember well the day she graduated from the high school, bearing serenely the honors of her class. A few years later she entered the State University, at Boulder, Col., and had begun her second year, when the fever came which closed her eyes in death. A remarkably healthy child she was, having never required the doctor's care from birth to last illness. On the New Year's day preceding her death, the father presented her with an album, in which to put the pictures of her classmates. On the first leaf he wrote:

As time sweeps on, and robs you of the faces
That erst enriched your life with smiles and
graces,
May these sweet pictures, which the sunbeam
traces,
Keep warm their memories, for the soul's embrace.

Little did he dream that her sweet face of all that bright array would be first to pass away from earth.

Under these lines he has since written:

The lines above betray illusive hopes,
The May morn promise of a sunny day,
Remote to me appeared the western slopes
On which its brilliant light would fade away.

The first of all these youthful faces, thine,
To lose its bloom, to wither, shrink and
waste,

To lose affection's tracings clear and fine,
To have its bright intelligence erased.

The first of all that brilliant sisterhood,
Whose highest honors crowned thy proud
young head,

To sink beneath the all-engulfing flood,
Life's feast just tasted full before the spread.

One hour supreme of glorious gladness thine,
When borne on thought's and feelings' current strong,

You quaffed the spirit's pure ethereal wine,
The joy of face-transfigured listening throng.

This hour was worth an age of listless life,
A long, dull, dragging life you did not crave,
You fancied that your beckoning years were
rite

With stimuli that lead to early grave.

But this grand hour seemed morn to many
more,

The promise of the noontide's fuller light,
For taste of moments more intense in store
When ripened powers achieve the summit's
height.

The "baseless fabric" of a dream appears,
The "splendid purpose" beaming in those
eyes,

The future harkening of those wistful ears
A phantasy that lures an hour and dies.

We sat and watched the lips grow thin and
pale,

The speech came painful to the numbed
tongue,
But could not think that strength and tone
would fail

To come again to one so brave and young.

The ear grew dull and caught the sound with
pain,

The eyes grew dim and felt a failing light,
They told of worn and weary wasted brain,
Of consciousness fast sinking into night,

At last the slow and slower, hard-drawn
breath,
The languid pulse, the cold sweat on the
brow,
The sense of touch extinct showed hovering
death
Was slowly settling on its victim now.

Soon all is o'er, the last long breath exhaled,
The pulse is still, the heart has ceased to
beat,

The glassy eyes the ether waves assailed
In vain. There was no spirit there to greet.

In ruins now the house it built with care—
Had built, but could not keep in fit repair.
Without a house, say, does it better fare?
Or was there aught escaped save exhaled air!

Our science says the only thought I know
Is product of a working, wasting brain,
Renewed by rich red blood in ceaseless flow,
Refreshed by sleep and free from pressure's
strain.

With weary, sleepless brain and sad, sore
heart

I bow before death's stern reality;
The inner life pines for its severed part,
But wails in vain to deaf mortality.

The all is heartless bleak inanity,
It hears no prayers, is blind to falling tears;
To praise or blame it were insanity,
For what to it our few or many years?

Here is a threnody which in its tenderness and strength of feeling, its brave buffetings with despair and doubt, its allegiance to the soul's light in spite of the soul's deepest love, has touched me more than any other I have read.

In the supreme moments of life I doubt not that the heart speaks truer than the head. As one has written:

"Ah, yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head,—
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us receive,

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is faithfully begun
Will be completed, not undone."

There are those who seem to have special development of faculty, to peer into the mysteries of nature in earth and sky, much more accurately than I can with my present limitations hope to do. Yet the word of the chemist or the microscopist or the astronomer I accept sufficiently to give me guidance. There are some, yes many, who have claimed and still claim to see over the borders of the present life into that of the soul freed from its mortal sheath. If I want facts to trust in addition to the impulses and longing of my beating heart, why may I not take rational comfort and hope in what the clear visioned eyes of past and present ages report to me? Perhaps my anxiety to see confuses my vision. "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

N. HOGELAND.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

FROM A PAPER READ BEFORE THE "MARBLE
FAUN" SECTION OF THE UNITY CLUB
OF ALL SOULS CHURCH.

The roots of the confessional reach far back into pagan antiquity, and confession was practiced, almost in its modern Roman Catholic form, by many races, and taught by many religions. Pliny said of the Romans, "The conscience of malefactors was liberated and their crimes effaced by expiatory sacrifices." Among the Greeks it was customary when a man had committed a murder, for him to throw himself on the mercy of some friend, by entering his house and sitting silently with his eyes cast down or giving up the instrument with which the deed had been committed. The friend would kill a pig as an expiation, rub the murderer's hands with the blood, and sprinkling lustral water, invoke for the criminal the forgiveness of Zeus. Then as now, and there as everywhere, the ignorant majority believed the sacrifice to be the expiation, but always there has been a "saving remnant" who saw through the symbolism the great truths symbolized. Cicero was one of these when he said, "It is vain that men get themselves absolved from their crimes and impurities."

Several passages of the Zend-Avesta prescribe penance, and the modern Parsees of Bombay obtain absolution through their priests, who order the giving of alms and other good works

as absolution for sin. The following passage from the Sad Der, a sacred book of the Parsees, would scarcely be attributed to pagan sources if taken apart from its connection. Speaking of him who has eaten human flesh, it says: "He must go and cast himself at the feet of a doctor, to entreat him to recite in his favor the penitential prayer and give him absolution for his sin." Again, say the Hindoos, "Whoever knows the Oupnekhat will receive the remission of all his sins and enjoy permanent repose in the celestial abode." Bathing in the Ganges and other sacred rivers washes away sin, and the widow who throws herself upon her husband's funeral pile is an expiation for his crimes, perhaps for that of ill-treating her during his life-time, if that would be thought of as a sin. With the confessional, sacrificial and absolution practices of the Jews, we are too familiar to need more than a passing reference. Among the Siamese, auricular confession was found before it was practiced by the Christians, and even in Peru, according to the Spanish historians, confession to the priests was a common custom. Tertullian was deeply puzzled over these freaks of the pagans. If but the Christian practice had antedated that of the heathen custom, he could have explained the matter easily enough by saying that the latter had borrowed from the former; but inasmuch as the logic of time would have pointed remorselessly in the wrong direction, had borrowing been under consideration, he was forced to conclude the earlier practice to have been invented and taught by the devil.

For some time the early Christians avoided these pagan practices, but as it appeared that the shame of avowal might have some effect in preventing sin, they began to practice the habit of open confession, laymen confessing publicly to each other and to the priests, and the priests confessing to the laymen with a formula of words and laying on of hands. This was a natural act of frankness and loyalty. The avowal of a transgression was considered simply as a proof of sincere repentance and as an act of justice and reparation.

In the first years of the practice there seems to have been no recitation of the nature and number of sins, but a general statement of sinfulness. This was frequently made under church porches, assisted by such adjuncts as sack-cloth and ashes, accompanied by beating the breasts, and kissing the feet of the bishops. Later on three moral sins were counted and these were confessed in detail. As time went on, the number of sins subject to confession increased, and were divided and subdivided until they were counted by thousands. Gradually the priests began more and more to take upon themselves the office of hearing confessions, and the practice of confessing to laymen became unpopular, though the Protestant authorities which I have consulted agree in saying that auricular confession did not become common until near the end of the eighth century.

In the beginning of the ninth century ecclesiastical law still admitted the potency of confessions made in private to God, as well as those made through the medium of a priest. I quote from a canon of the Council of Chalons, which met A. D. 813: "Confession made to God purges away sins, and made to the priest teaches us how we may obtain pardon." About this time the scandals attending public confession became so numerous—one Roman scandal in particular creating a great sensation—that it became requisite to the credit of the church to forbid public confession altogether. This was done for the first time at the Fourth Lateran Council, A. D. 1215, by Pope Innocent III., but the practice evidently did not cease in obedience to the edict, for I find records of three subsequent prohibitions, and the church continued to suffer so much from this cause, that Pope Gregory XIII., in 1574, was obliged to call in the Inquisition to

repress it. Still, occasional traces of the practice were found so late as the beginning of the seventeenth century.

I have stated that in the early days of the confessional priestly absolution was unknown. This innovation grew very naturally from the strong belief prevalent in the efficacy of prayer. When the priest had prayed for the sinner's absolution, faith was certain of the result, and the Almighty had no choice but to submit. The prayer having been offered, the Maker of Heaven and earth had been informed what he must do next. It was "an alliance between the altar and the throne," in which the altar had the decided advantage. Then why should not the priest, the business agent, occasionally sign the name of his Master—with a "totem"—without troubling the Most High about such trifling matters as a soul or two lost or saved? And what wonder or what matter, since there was so inappreciable a difference in meaning, that the form of absolution should gradually change from the earlier "May the Omnipotent have mercy on thee," to the later "I absolve thee?"

After this point was fairly reached, degeneration for more centuries still went on apace. Penance now became exceedingly easy to the rich. A man of power was commanded to fast for seven years. He thereupon ordered each of eight hundred and forty dependents to live on bread and water for three days each, and his absolution was complete. Psalms, genuflections, alms, pilgrimages and flagellations became easy means to buy heaven with, and monks were easily to be hired for money who would take the penances upon themselves. Confessional tickets were given to those absolved, from no matter how heinous sins. These passed for recommendations of character, and are said to have been negotiable valuables in Spain and Italy within the present century. Priests are said often to have received money for the administration of the sacrament, and in the thirteenth century good Parisians counted the cost of going to confessional as a part of their regular expenditures. Pierre Carpentier is my authority for saying that in these transactions the priestly motto was "Pay as you go," and the luckless sinner who had no money for absolution must go unshriven until he could beg, borrow or steal the perquisite.

And not yet can it be said that this institution has entirely outgrown the abuses of its darker years. The science and skill in interrogation in which the priests are thoroughly saturated, make this daily espial a worse than Russian despotism to thousands of communicants. Lasteirye makes mention of a book entitled "Confession Made Easy," which he found in France some time during the first half of the present century, put into the hands of children at their first communion. The book contained the names of more than a thousand offenses—each printed on a separate slip, for ease of reference—hundreds of whose names must have been unknown to these babes until this initiation into the vestibule of crime.

But Luther's Reformation came and others followed. The circumference of every great influence lies somewhere far outside the ranks of its conscious abettors, and the Roman confessional and the church to which it chiefly pertains have been swept along on the advancing wave.

EVA H. WALKER.

"I TELL ye, mon, self is but greed, and it makes nae muckle differ whether it be a greed o' clathes and siller, or a greed o' heavenly blessedness; its a beggar in rags, or a beggar in fine raiment, an' o' the twa I dinna ken but the first is the mair honest, and mayhap nae sic a lee. It is nae personal salvation man maun live for, but the saving o' the human race. Eh, mon!"—and he drew a long breath, and pushed his spade down deep.—George MacDonald in "Robert Falconer."

THE greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.—Carlyle.

The Unity Club.

At a meeting of the Emerson section of Unity Club, at Sioux City, Iowa, March 2, a paper in verse, entitled "Emerson the Poet," was given by Hon. Geo. W. Wakefield, a member of the club. This strain, coming out of the life of a busy lawyer and judge, is but another manifestation of the riches of imagination and feeling which are so often hidden beneath the routine of daily life. We regret that we have space for no more of it than the following:

EMERSON THE POET.

Of slight physique,
A character unique,
A presence mild,
Artless as a child,
Soul above,
Full of love,
Mind serene,
So you've seen
Emerson.
In his pages,
Through the ages,
Men may read,
As they need,
Poems bright:
Sweet delight!

As stalwart men new fields explore,
And gentle maids their deeds adore,
So in one warp and woof he wrought
Sweet sentiment and sturdy thought,
Wish simple truths and mystic views.

His verse does not move on like Milton's,
With a majestic tread, resounding far,
As when with dauntless zeal some hero leads
His solid columns strong to battle and
To victory. But rather in his verse
We see the beauty of the trackless forests,
Where oak and hazel, plum and sycamore,
In wild confusion mingle. Nature's children
In sweet unity teaching truth.

... Rare charms, which are all his
own,
His poems have, in their deep thought,
Their music grave, and their expression quaint.
The critic cannot measure Emerson
By any other poet's standard;
From all comparison he stands apart,
Original and self-produced; and yet
Some flavor slight of early English bards
We may discern. Though oft abstract, we
note

An air of easy negligence, a grace
That charms the ear, but indescribable
And natural as the Greek idyl.
Through him nature does her perfect work;
In his runes we hear her melody
And feel her breath and wonder why we knew
Not these fine things before.

The Study Table.

Spirit and Life: Thoughts for To-day. By Amory H. Bradford, D. D. Cloth, pp. 265. New York: Fords, Howard & Culbert. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

This volume consists of twelve sermons on the Holy Spirit, its influence in humanity, and kindred themes. It is one of the straws that show which way the theological wind is blowing in the Congregational Church; it is one of the growing number of books evincing the return of Christianity to its primitive life and thought. It is written in a good spirit, and will prove suggestive and helpful. In the sermon on The Incarnation the author evinces his limitations of thought by making Christ the only example of that universal truth. The text at the head of his chapter is excellent: "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." But the author makes his text of little value, by saying: "He has come into manifestation in a human form once, and so far as we know, only once; and all we know of God, except his power and wisdom in creation, we see in Jesus Christ." The author has not risen to the perception of Emerson, who says, "The soul knows no persons."

S. L.

Sunday-school Stories. By Edward Everett Hale. Boston: Roberts Bros. \$1.00.

These stories, eight of which are written by Rev. E. E. Hale, and all of which are edited by him, are designed to illustrate the lessons of the International Series. It is not supposed that they will be made the main study of the Sunday-school hour, but that they may perhaps close the more serious work or serve for Sunday evening reading at home. This volume accom-

panies the lessons through June, and another volume will complete the year's course. To prepare a volume of twenty-six short stories, all of which should be good in themselves and equally well adapted to a purpose like this, would require either exceptional talent or more time than busy workers could easily give to it. These stories are certainly earnest, simple and sincere, and have received the verdict of approval from those most capable perhaps of judging—the children, for whom they were written.

E. E. M.

Lamartine's Meditations. Professor Curme. 85 cents.

Historiettes Modernes. Fontaine. 70 cents.

Goethe's Torquato Tasso. Professor Calvin Thomas. 85 cents.

Novelletten Bibliothek. Bernhardt. 2 volumes. Each 65 cents. *Tranmereiten.* Leander. 30 cents. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

D. C. Heath & Co. are doing good service for students of French and German in bringing out their editions of foreign classics, provided with clear print, good paper, careful editing, and generally not overburdened with the notes, which are so trying to a competent teacher and so unnecessary to the real student. Poems selected by Professor Curme from the "*Meditations*" of Lamartine, "the Christian Virgil," ought to do something towards making this poet better known in our American schools. Professor Curme is an enthusiastic lover of Lamartine, and his suggestions are especially appreciative and helpful. Something of the same service has been done for Goethe's "Torquato Tasso," by Professor Calvin Thomas, who brought some of the results of his Goethe study to the Goethe School in this city a few weeks ago. The "*Historiettes Modernes*," two volumes in the "Novelletten Bibliothek," and "Traumereien," another collection of short stories, may be of much service to students somewhat less advanced, the latter probably for sight reading. The "Historiettes" are interesting also on account of the glimpse they give us of the modern short story in France.

E. E. M.

Virgil's Aeneid. Translated into English rhyme by Henry Hamilton. New York and London: G. Putnam's Sons. Cloth, pp. 197. \$1.25.

This volume, including only the first six books of the "Aeneid," is an effort on the part of the author to bring to the English reader more fully if possible the spirit of the original. The repetition of initial letter sounds, of words, phrases, whole lines, and of sense, characteristic of Virgil, the author states that he has striven to convey in English by a resort, either to the same, or equivalent expedients. The change of measure with each recurring speaker, is a noticeable innovation, of which the advisability is at least doubtful. Altogether the translation is one which, though open to criticism on general grounds, is marked for force and variety. In view of the growing tendency away from the study of the dead languages, experiments of this character are philanthropies. The English student demands, as his right, accurate and spirited reproductions of the ancient classics.

B. G.

The Julia Ward Howe Birthday Book. Arranged and edited by her daughter, Laura E. Richards. Boston: Lee & Shepard. \$1.00.

The attractive little volume of selections from Julia Ward Howe's writings, compiled for a birthday book, affords good proof of the wide range of the author's thought and sympathies. Books of selections often seem to misrepresent, but the loving labor put into this one has been well applied, and the result can only add to Mrs. Howe's reputation.

E. E. M.

THERE can be but one universe, and we are in it now as much as we ever can be, when and wheresoever. . . . The notion of an absolutely spiritual world, beyond or other than one really spiritual universe itself and what is in it, is simply an irrational vision of the emotional fancy.—Judge Holmes in *Realistic Idealism*.

Church-Door Pulpit.

THE REVISED HELL OF ORTHODOXY.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

(Published by All Souls Church, Chicago.)

I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.—JEREMIAH XXXI: 3.

Is it sensational, is it a breach of good breeding, does it offend the aesthetics of to-day to preach about hell? Is it unwise to jar the nerves and shock the sensibilities with its gloomy pictures and horrible forecasts? It would seem so to the average attendants of the fashionable churches found in the more favored portions of our cities. Such attendants flatter themselves that no one further believes the doctrine in its original atrocity, that all the ministers have outgrown it, and that, no matter how orthodox the church may be to which they belong, they are exempt from believing it and are justified in the small, pious perjury they commit when they subscribe to the horrible creed with a "Pickwickian" reservation.

It is my purpose to inquire into the character of the hell that remains, not only upon the statute books, but in the minds of an overwhelming majority of Christendom. What is the doctrine which many years ago Henry Ward Beecher called the "nightmare of theology"? Its pedigree is clear. The immediate descent of the hell of the creeds is from our Puritan forefathers, who at least had the courage of their opinions and did not hesitate to follow their convictions to logical conclusions. Said Jonathan Edwards:

"The world will probably be converted into a great lake of liquid fire, a vast ocean of fire in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest, in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night. Vast waves or billows of fire will continually roll over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a quick sense within and without; their heads, their tongues, their hands, their feet, their loins and their vitals shall forever be full of a glowing, melted fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and elements, and also they shall eternally be full of a quick and most lively sense to feel the torments, not for one minute nor for one day, nor for one age, nor for ages one after another, but forever and ever without any end at all, and never, never to be delivered."

Spurgeon is more recent authority, probably the most popular Protestant minister now living. His interpretation runs as follows:

"When thou diest, thy soul will be tormented alone. That will be a hell for it, but at the day of judgment thy body will join thy soul, then thou wilt have twin hells, thy soul sweating drops of blood and thy body suffused with drops of agony. In fire exactly like that which we have on earth thy body will lie, asbestos-like, forever unconsumed, all thy veins roads for the feet of pain to travel on, all thy nerves strings on which the devil shall forever play his diabolical tune of hell's unutterable lament."

But, of course, this doctrine was not invented by Spurgeon and Edwards. The early fathers exhausted their rhetoric in painting its tortures. Its roots strike deep into the crude superstitions of primitive peoples. It buds in the old Persian dualism. We find its fantastic foliage in the Greek mythology of a sunless Hades, a flaming Tartarus, with its lordly fireman, Pluto. Dante believed what he wrote, and pictured the faith of Christendom in his time. Devout believers have been simple enough to take these teachers at their word. Souls to-day can say with Theodore Parker, "I can scarcely think without a shudder of the terrible effect the thought of damnation had upon me, . . . how many hours I lay on my little bed and prayed, until between praying and weeping sleep gave me repose." And the good Horace Mann spoke for many of you when he said, "Like all children, I believed what I was taught, as much so as though I could hear the shrieks of the damned. Such a faith spread a pall of darkness over the whole heaven."

About ten years ago this winter, one of our leading religious papers interviewed one hundred of the leading Congregational ministers in this country, and seventy-four out of the hundred deliber-

ately put themselves on record as seeing no essential change in the doctrine of hell held by their constituency and that taught by the fathers of the faith; and last November, among the twenty ministers interviewed by a Chicago paper, all the orthodox ministers proudly confessed their belief in hell, although they did not believe, they said, in physical fire. They dispensed with the *brimstone*. Their statements may be fairly called the revised hell of the orthodoxy of to-day.

Now, in the name of a God of love, in the name of eternal justice and a progressive universe, I declare that this revised hell is an atrocity. It belongs to darker ages. It is an enormity that stultifies the soul that believes in it, and belies the highest teaching of our age and the noblest sensibilities of our race.

The primal outrage remains, because, in the first place, it rests on the old premises of an untenable theology. It assumes man's lost estate. It rests on the theory that a once perfect humanity lost its bright prospects through a tempted Eve and a sinning Adam; and it assumes further that at death the line is drawn that severs human nature in twain, one part to go into eternal bliss, the other into eternal woe. Now it matters not by what principle the separation is to be made, I declare such a division necessarily unjust, cruel and arbitrary; because with those who are assigned to eternal woe must necessarily go many aspirations for the good, many deeds of kindness and words of love; and those who are allowed to wing their way into everlasting joy must carry with them the stains of some wrongs, the memory of some crimes, some blighting limitations of the spirit. Nature knows no lines in spirit any more than in matter. Infinite shadings of excellence there are to be found in human nature, pathetic limitations in the best, germs of heavenly possibilities in the worst. You might as well try to survey a line through human nature dividing the intelligent from the ignorant, or the beautiful from the homely, as to survey a line that will be just and permanent between the good and the bad. How ignorant were Newton and Immanuel Kant of many things, how intelligent in many things is the unlettered Indian chief, wrapped in his blanket and tracking his game. What blemish lines the artist traces in the outlines of the most Apollo-like form, what curves of grace he finds in the most stunted and gnarled body. So to the all-seeing eye it must be that death's day finds no soul quite good enough to merit boundless bliss and none bad enough to deserve boundless woe, hence any doctrine that teaches this dual division of humanity teaches a divine outrage upon justice.

This outrage is heightened a thousand times if the decision is to be made upon a theological or ceremonial line rather than upon an ethical one. According to the believers in this hell of the latest revision, the dread question of the judgment angel is not, "What good deeds have you wrought?" but, "In whom have you trusted?" not, "Have you done the will of the Father, kept the golden rule, and realized the beatitudes?" but, "Have you accepted the righteousness of Jesus?" The question is not, "Have you believed in mercy, justice and love?" but, "Have you believed in the Lord Jesus Christ?" It is not, "Did you accept truth as a sacrament?" but, "Did you eat of the body and drink of the blood of the son of God?" Every child, before he is presented to the bishop for confirmation in the Episcopal Church to-day, is taught to answer as follows:

Q. How many sacraments hath Christ ordained in his church?

A. Two only as generally necessary to salvation, that is to say, baptism and the supper of the Lord.

Q. What is the inward and spiritual grace of this sacrament?

A. A death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness, or, being by nature born unto sin and children of wrath, we are hereby made the children of grace.

Let us take the revision of this hell-doctrine at its utmost limit. Let us remember that these ministers hold that to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ is to believe in mercy, justice and love, and that to eat of his flesh and drink of his blood is to accept the truth. But this only aggravates the atrocity, for who dares, in the freer intercourse and broader scholarship of this day, say that the name or power of Jesus is co-extensive with truth and love? Are there not thousands who have loved virtue, served goodness and made "undying music in the world" who did not accept Jesus Christ in any supernatural or miraculous fashion; who, if they knew of him at all, knew of him only as the Nazarene peasant, the man Jesus? Such were Abraham Lincoln, the tender prophet of the gospel of good will upon earth; Charles Sumner, the great apostle of human liberty; Gerritt Smith, the St. John of political reform; William Ellery Channing, and our sainted preacher, Theodore Parker, the American Luther, hurling his defiance at the devils of bigotry. The primal outrage still remains in the revised version of hell, because, according to its preachers, these men and hundreds more like them must go there. John Stuart Mill and Harriet Martineau—yes, to take an extreme case, the genial but over-satirical Robert G. Ingersoll—are among those who love goodness and foster nobility, though they have no clear vision into futurity, and confess no other lordship in him of Nazareth save dignity of aim and tenderness of life. Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb and Robert Burns, touched heavenly strains of music in simple peasant hearts as well as the psalmists of much of modern devotion, George Eliot, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, and he who sang,

"To do thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds;
And simple trust can find thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds."

Yet all these are eternally banished from the presence of the saved under all revised versions of the hell-doctrine that can lay any claims to orthodoxy. I know how anxious our orthodox friends are to admit these into their heaven, but if they are to be born into glory it must be under some bill of exceptions that will ruin the validity of the whole scheme. If according to the revised version, the worthy souls born inside the territory but outside the creeds of Christendom, can be somehow saved, the outrage still remains so long as it excludes Socrates with his noble trust, Buddha with his divine renunciation, Zoroaster and Confucius, whose light shed avenues of glory down through the gloomy centuries. Seneca and Aurelius, splendid teachers of the right, must go into the revised hell, and I declare it an outrage for God to treat such good people thus, and I do not believe he will do it.

But let me cease pleading for those who need no advocate. I deny the hell that will extinguish the slenderest flame of virtue that ever flickered in a felon's breast. The primal outrage remains, so long as it ignores the nobility that now and then makes radiant and tender the life of poor Nancy Sykes, the woman of the slums, or the susceptibility to kindness which calmed the fears of the degraded Fagin. What are you going to do with "Poor Jo," nurtured in the moral darkness of "Tom-all-Alone's," who "never knewed a prayer?" What are you going to do with Mary Duff, the soiled and trampled friend of Hugh Miller,—no character in fiction, but an actual Scotch prostitute, of whom John Brown, the friend of Rab, has told us—she who rose from her wretched straw, upon which she had lain for a month, with death's damp upon her brow, to pay the half-crown she owed the shopwoman, then crawled back to die deserted and alone in her wretched garret, "giving evidence in her latest act that amid the wreck of the virtues, honesty survived." She went to her garret to die, and then where? Where? To a

hell of endless spiritual torment, say these cultivated and serene ministers of Chicago, who last November declared their belief in the orthodox doctrine of hell. She, the wicked woman, must go, even according to the revised version, and this I declare to be an outrage. I have no yearnings for a heaven from which Mary Duff is hopelessly and eternally excluded. I discover no Jesus in the New Testament that would turn his back on such an one, and I have no love or respect for a God who is blind to that seed of virtue, which, in her dying agonies, abandoned by the world about her—a world that claimed the name Christian—put forth the fair white leaves of a better life. Don't ask me to honor the divinity that will visit eternal banishment upon any poor finite bird that the storm has beaten against the rocks, and which, with wounded wings falls, to be torn by brambles and bedraggled in the mud, to flutter if it may, in search of shelter. Not for Socrates, but for the multitude of Greek lives that made Socrates possible, do I plead. Not with Buddha alone, but with the multitude of benighted lives for whom Buddha renounced a throne, do I claim fellowship and confess kinship which death cannot interfere with. The primal outrage of the hell-doctrine remains so long as it ignores the pagan tendencies in Christians and the Christian reaches in pagans. The outrage remains so long as it teaches the division of humanity into two classes, one totally depraved, the other totally cleansed. Religion and science, history and the gospel, unite in saying that there is no depravity that is total. No man is so low but has some dreams of unrealized goodness that disturb him in his vices. There is no man so high but must struggle with some unconquered appetites and must grope for his way sometimes in darkness. Draw a line anywhere between Caliban and St. Paul and pretend to make that line one of permanent division, and you perpetrate an act of injustice. The crime becomes all the more heinous if the line is drawn by the hand of a God, who ought to know and has the power to do better.

This brings me to the second count against the hell as revised by the intelligent representatives of Chicago's popular churches. It is an outrage against justice as long as it interrupts the flowing current of spiritual growth at death. It is not fair to decide the destiny of one life cut short in its verdant youth at twenty, while his brother is allowed eighty years of cadetship. It is not fair to measure the poor victim of a debauched ancestry, born into the world with an inflamed stomach and rickety soul, with the same measurement at death's gate, which you use for him who was blessed with noble ancestry, saved before he was born by the thoughtfulness of the father and the prayerfulness of the mother; it is not fair to allow a spirit to come into consciousness in this world of powers that reach out and up into great vistas of excellence and noble heights of usefulness, only to be cheated of its deserts. Just as the soul begins to dream of these things, and is beginning to gather itself together, fumbling among its materials with its feeble spiritual fingers, as the little baby does with the building blocks in the nursery, on account of the carelessness of some bridge-builder or the ignorance of some chimney-mason, the soul is accidentally precipitated into death, and of course sent to hell, the revised hell; whereas, if the bridge-builder had attended to his duty, or if the hotel had not taken fire, this victim of the catastrophe might have lived another year or two and made his "peace with God," so that when he died he would go straight to glory and become a shining gem in the coronet of the man who converted him.

We do not like to think of the atrocities perpetrated against human nature on that death-line at Andersonville, where our imprisoned soldiers were shot down as the huntsman shoots partridges, whenever they strayed be-

yond the arbitrary limit. Yet more atrocious and horrible is the thought of that physical line we call death, becoming the dead-line to the soul, fixing forever the fate for weal or woe of whoever crosses it. If I am for eternity, then the God of eternity will hold me responsible for the way in which I use eternity, a part of which is a few fleeting years of mortal breath.

A third and last time, I say, the revised hell of orthodoxy contains the original outrage of the doctrine, because, just as much as ever, it interferes with the law of cause and effect. It promises unearned benedictions to some, and visits unmerited maledictions upon others. Finite sins do not deserve infinite punishment. Indeed punishment has no meaning in a universe of law if it is not remedial. The only punishment a just God or an honest State can contrive is a reformatory punishment. Let me feel the pain of wrong-doing in order that thereby I may know what is wrong. Let no heaven cheat me of the blessed discipline that will toughen my soul and strengthen my heart so that I may shun the evil and seek the good.

This revised hell still blurs the ideas of men so that they cannot feel the grave responsibilities and splendid inspiration that come with the thought of an ever unfolding universe, of an ever increasing purpose, revealing itself in the ever broadening ages of endless progress. This hell of our orthodox friends is the reminiscence of prehistoric superstitions, of tribal clannishness, of unscientific conceptions of the universe. It sprang out of the honest thinking of people before Columbus had established the rotundity of the earth; before Copernicus had shown that this ball is a satellite in a great planetary system, itself a part of still greater systems; before Lyell and his associate geologists had discovered in the rocks evidence which proved that the world is young at the end of many million years, rather than old at the end of six thousand years; before Darwin had shown that man was an animal, regenerated rather than an angel degenerated; before Tyler, Lubbock, and others, had shown that primitive man, instead of beginning his career in a garden home, without sin and shame, clothed upon with spotless purity, first sheltered his shivering form in forlorn caves; that instead of apples from the tree of life he fed on rude roots, and that naked he went forth, not from innocence but from ignorance. This hell of orthodoxy, in its most civilized revision, strikes its roots back into a time before Sir William Jones, Max Müller, and others, had opened to Western readers the sacred books of the East, finding the supposed territory of the doomed, lit here and there with gospel texts written before the Gospel, and lives illuminated here and there with Christly purposes before Christ.

The hell of orthodoxy is still a torture which can be mitigated only by the vicarious intercession of one divine mediator, but these studies in comparative religion reveal the fact that not one but many are the mediators of the race. Not in some terrific emergency did Christ descend from heaven, but in a sublime opportunity did Jesus ascend toward heaven. By a difference in degree and not in time, is his individuality established. Not by contrasts but by comparisons is he best appreciated. This revised hell still rests its final authority on dismembered texts of the Bible. Against this, Canon Farrar protests. He says, "The tyranny of isolated texts has ever been the curse of Christian truth, the glory of narrow minds, the cause of the worst error of the worst days of a corrupt church." He would expunge from the texts the words "hell," "damnation," "eternal," substituting instead of these words the following: "grave," "condemnation," "judgment," "long duration." You know how the revisers of 1881 have to a certain extent followed his judgment. But I think it is easy to push this argument too far. I think we must admit

that the lurid flames of an arbitrary hell do sometimes throw their light across the Bible pages, and the old dream of all early religions—of favors won by official and ceremonial sacrifice—is found haunting some of the chapters of the Christian scripture. But what if it does? We are not on that account called upon to enthrone infinite injustice on high, or to call that love which is cruelty. We are not justified in sitting complacently in the presence of a doctrine that paralyzes with terror the tender sensibilities of children, or converts into a joke that which stands in the way of the doctrine of the real hell that burns in the chambers of ignorance, the hell of selfishness from which none escape except on the wings of love. "Whatsoever ye sow, that shall ye also reap." This hell is absolute, certain. So long as fire burns and cold freezes, so long will intemperance debilitate and selfishness paralyze. In this hell no crucified savior can stand between man and the accusing angel of his own deeds; no begging, no baptism can excuse a man from paying the debt he owes to an outraged law.

I object to that hell which, as Professor Swing told me many years ago, "is only a joke among the thoughtful," because it stands in the way of enforcing the truth, the reality of that hell that is the lead of disgrace hanging on your heart, the thorn in your pillow that will not let you sleep, the blight upon your life that deafens you to sweet sounds and blinds you to bright prospects. This hell is moral; that is immoral. This heals; that blights. This woos; that frightens. This is the knife in the surgeon's hands; that is the thumbscrew in the tyrant's hands. Both give exquisite torture, but the one tortures for the sake of the patient, the other to gratify—vindicate is the preacher's word—the dignity of the torturer. Even though, as in the weird story of Hawthorne, the sinner becomes so inoculated with the poison of the weed that the antidote kills, as it killed Rappaccini's daughter, yet in the death are wrong and evil thwarted.

I like the figure of the fire, only let it be the fire in the furnace that separates the dross from the gold; then Pluto himself becomes an angel of the Lord; and a loving God, not a hideous devil, attends the purging fire. More tender is the mother in her rebukings than in her indulgences. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up," is the testimony of a sinning soul. If I only knew that God is as good as that woman, I could die content," said the stricken Erickson in George MacDonald's story, to which Robert Falconer replied, "God will forgive the devil if he repent!"

Friends, I like not this controversial necessity. You who hear me regularly know that I give little time to doctrinal disputes, and I would not now willingly offend the feeling or ignore the honesty and sincerity of any who differ from me. If any of you really do believe, can believe this awful doctrine in its most refined form, all I have to say to you is, please try to live up to it. Let your lives demonstrate that you are consciously living on the banks of eternal woe into which your neighbors and kin are constantly dropping. If you do believe it I want you to realize it, to feel the force of it. I would like to break up the dead-and-alive complacency, the dry rot of insincerity by which thousands of churchgoers to-day justify the compromise with their consciences of going to the church that teaches a doctrine in which they do not believe, and paying for the support of principles from which they recoil, because the seats are well cushioned, the soprano has a charming voice, or because "a very pleasant class of people go there." They justify themselves on one or both of the following pleasant fictions:

(1) Nobody really believes the doctrine now; it is only a form of words, by common consent it is a lapsed dogma.

(2) The barbarities and atrocities are eliminated now, as though the brimstone were the only offense not only to intelligence but to refined consciences and sympathetic natures.

A moment's attention to each one of these sops thrown to the conscience of the easy-going churchgoer of to-day, and I am done.

(1) "Nobody really believes the doctrine to-day?" I tell you, friends, it is a dark cloud, that more or less obscures the light, dulls the pleasure, and deepens the anxiety of the great majority of the human race. Mohammedanism, with its one hundred and seventy or two hundred million souls is overhung with this black cloud, that has scarcely a rift to let the sunlight in. The great Catholic church, that still is the great bulk of Christendom, holds with unwavering fidelity to the hell of the Fathers, and its teachers revel in the lurid rhetoric of the old anchorites. And notwithstanding your complacent assurances, Protestant Christendom to-day holds to a belief in an angered God, who is to vindicate His dignity by sweeping rebellious millions into the realms of endless exile. There are just about exceptions enough to establish the rule. I know what you know, that the polite pulpits of the city have largely dispensed with the coarser rhetoric; and that the refined minister in every denomination shrinks from following this doctrine out to its legitimate conclusion in any given case; and still it is taught by every orthodox creed in Christendom, and with a very few stipulated exceptions, every soul that writes his or her name to the rolls of the so-called orthodox church is technically and in honor committed to the judgment that there is an unending and unmitigated separation from the believer for the unbeliever. So long as his name is left on the roll it counts for the power and perpetuation of such an idea. I ask you further to remember that the polite city pulpits are comparatively few. Not many of our people are permitted to listen to what you would consider cultivated clergy. Go anywhere outside the city limits, into the cross-roads and villages of the Mississippi valley, and you will find what Channing called the "thorny points of Calvinism" preached with a saving earnestness and with unblushing sincerity. Where the theological hell does not remain in the pulpit, it is pretty sure to remain in a worse place, in the catechism taught to the children, in the vivid pictures of the Sunday-school room. The anxious seats and mourners' benches are filled every winter by countless revival workers, under the direct strain of this terror. No, friends, I have not been calling your attention to a man of straw. We have to deal, not with a dead lion but with a living serpent, which is striking its fangs into the tender flesh of children and coiling its hideous length around the quivering hearts of fathers and mothers.

(2) Are the atrocities eliminated? Have these brethren humanized the doctrine, made it more reconcilable with a God of love and the spirit of the tender Jesus, when they have transferred the torture from flesh to spirit? Are we so low down in the scale of being yet that we dread more a broken limb than a tortured conscience? Is the suffering of this world even chiefly physical? "O, where is my wandering boy to-night?" "He is comfortable, take no anxiety for him, he has had his supper, he is comfortably clothed, and he is out of the storm; he has money in his pocket." Who dares mock a mother's heart with such answers? What insolence is this to measure the power of human suffering by a brimstone fire? Who knows not that the faggots which do most torture are the fires that show no flames, and that "the bite of a worm inside is worse to bear?" The play of the most fearful elements may be met with a song and a smile, by a clear conscience, as the lighted faces of martyrs from John Brown to Jesus testify. Nature's direst travail does but relieve the mental anguish of the out-

raged "Lear." Who would not gladly drown the horrors of this revised hell of the modern clergymen in the lesser anguish of the hells of Calvin and Edwards?

"Blow winds, and crack your cheeks! rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned
the cocks.

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity of the world.
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at
once,

That make ingrateful man.
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:

I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,

You owe me no subscription; then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters
joined

Your high-engendered battles against a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!"

Nay, we have not yet reached the ultimate agony of soul. Who would not give his own arm to the torture rather than stand and witness the mangling of his child? Refine your hell to the utmost. Make the sensitive fibers of soul vibrate with endless agonies of sin and shame, and still in that place you call heaven, where you have prepared supernal joys for the sainted mother of that banished one, there on the highest gallery, next to the feet of Jesus himself, there, I say, will be found the direst hell in the heart of that mother, which I hope not even the glory of your heaven can de-humanize. What is the use of making a heaven for Robert Falconer while you have made a hell for his father? Robert and not the father knows a pain which Dante himself has never portrayed. Critics have said that Shakespeare's "King Lear" is the most suffering character in literature, but they spoke from the orthodox standpoint. More than the tempest in the old man's bosom, provoked by his own wantonness, must have been the holy anguish in the loving heart of Cordelia, whose own great wrongs were promptly lost in the divine vicariousness of love. Though she "seemed a soul in bliss" and he "bound upon a wheel of fire," yet she knew, not he, the divine anguish of the cross.

"Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the dread deep-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross-lightning? * * *
* * * Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood
that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor
father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack! alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all."

Here then is our final overthrow of this atrocious doctrine, this reminiscence of primitive man, this relic of barbaric thought, this survival of the Saurian age in theology.

Go tell those preachers that, though they may put the brimstone out of their hell and smother the flames with modern dampers and improved flues, they can not put out the fire of love in a mother's heart or extinguish the anxious concern in a loving soul; and if they can build a wall high enough to exclude the sinners and unreclaimed from the light of God, they cannot build the shining ramparts of heaven so high but that the sainted souls will soar above them, for they have wings, and they will fly like spotless doves into the darkness of the lowest pit, carrying there the light of God's love. If hell is anywhere, it will be in the abandoned ramparts of the crystal realm, and heaven will be in the murky place of woe, where, with scorched breasts, like the robin in Whittier's poem, Christly souls will be laboring to reclaim wayward souls, to preach the gospel to sin-sick spirits.

Notes from the Field.

BOSTON.—Rev. Dr. Hedge has the past week continued improving in health, and Rev. H. W. Foote is now more comfortable than he was a week ago.

—Rev. A. M. Knapp will arrive in Boston from Japan just about the opening of anniversary week.

—In several church buildings there are held again this week public meetings, to promote the general vote April 22, on the adoption of the prohibition amendment.

—About half our parishes have contributed this year to the A. U. A. treasury. Secretary Reynolds now solicits prompt contributions from others of the two hundred parishes, inviting even small donations.

—Professor J. H. Allen purposes on Monday next to address the Ministerial Union on "The Future of Unitarianism."

—A dollar concert will soon be given in the Hebrew Synagogue (late church of Doctor Hale) by the choirs of several Unitarian churches, for the benefit of their Union Industrial School. The use of the Synagogue is a gift. Many Hebrew children are pupils in that school.

—Another public meeting of the Unitarian Church Temperance Society was held last Sunday evening at King's Chapel.

—Rev. William P. Tilden prefers to return to his home, near Boston, after his six month's service preaching in Wilmington, Del., rather than accept the invitation to become permanent pastor there.

—"Unitarianism Among the Masses" will be discussed at the next meeting of the Monday Club. Several of our country conferences are discussing the same form of missionary work. Indeed all our city churches have lately directed their charitable efforts in that especial direction.

DES MOINES, IOWA.—Des Moines has been having a flurry of religious excitement. Professor Black, of the Christian denomination, has been preaching on messianic prophecies in the Old Testament, to audiences of fifteen hundred. Brother Hunting has reviewed his arguments briefly, but cogently and effectively, in one of the daily papers, and Miss Hultin has had packed opera houses to hear her sermons on "The humanity of Jesus," "What shall we do to be saved?" "What shall we do to save the neighbor?" Brother Hunting writes: "Thanks to the revivalists, the Unitarians are having a revival," and that, "Miss Hultin is doing finely, throwing into her efforts the magnetism of thought and personal presence." He estimates that there are a thousand people in Des Moines who prefer the Unitarian or more liberal views of religion to the so-called orthodox, and who will come out on occasion to hear.

QUINCY—SHEFFIELD, ILL.—Let who will say that this is a prosy world, and that sentiment and business are sworn foes, and speak a language unintelligible to each other. We have before us, in the columns of a daily paper, a scene in a Quincy counting-room, which tells another story. Lewis J. Duncan, Unitarian minister elect at Sheffield, on his retirement from the mercantile house of Lessem & Co., with which he had been connected for five years, was the other day called down stairs at the store, and on his appearance, his business associates gathered in a circle round him, and one acting as spokesman for the rest, told him how sorry they were to lose him, how even the humblest among them had felt his manly friendship and interest, and that they wanted to offer him a gift that would be an enduring link between the pleasant past and the pleasant future, and would make him feel that they had a generous share in his future, as they had had in his past. And the "Good bye!" and "God bless you!" were said out of hearts full of kindness and

love. The gift was, "An elegant cloth-covered, antique, oak desk" and "a rattan easy chair." Mr. Duncan, acknowledged himself "floored" for the nonce, but rose to the occasion and told them that next to the time when he was married it was the proudest moment of his life. He thanked them for the gift, but more for the friendship that it expressed, and said that it would ever be a reminder of five years of pleasant association with a fine lot of manly, courteous fellows, and at parting, he took the hand of every one with an earnest grip. A local paper concludes a column report of the occasion as follows: "No young man ever left any town with wishes more numerous and more heartfelt for happiness, prosperity and success than Lewis J. Duncan leaves Quincy with; and by his life here and his associations he deserves every one of them—every single one!"

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Rev. E. C. L. Browne preached a Lenten sermon recently, which was reported in the Charleston papers. We glean for this page the concluding words of our fellow-worker in the southern field: "Jesus came 'that we might have life more abundant.' And for this cause God comes anew in every spring year. An expectant, crescent, outbursting nature calls to the soul of man to look up and rejoice; to hope, believe and sing; to forget those things that are behind, and reach forth unto those things that are before, and bless the power that is so preparing for the festival of the resurrection."

The sermon closed with an original poem, of which these are the last three verses:

"Comes so, my heart, the crescent power
Into thy being and thy life?
Breathe the fresh gales of God's high hour
Upon thy paltry love and strife?"

"Rise up, O heart, rejoice and sing!
Cast off old care, and doubt, and fear;
Thy life, like earth's, receives its spring;
Behold, God's lentening days are here!"

"Go forth in newness and in might;
Shed brightening rays on all life's ways!
More love, more light, more truth, more right,
Give lentening praise to lentening days!"

WICHITA, KAS.—The Unitarian women of Wichita are showing themselves alive and in earnest. Recently they held an afternoon meeting, at which there were gleanings from "Robert Elsmere," readings from Emerson, and Theodore Parker, field notes from UNITY and the Unitarian, a paper entitled, "The Unitarian Church at Wichita: What can we do to further its growth?" by Miss Mathis, and a general discussion. Miss Mathis' paper showed a deep appreciation of the best things in Unitarianism and a fervent desire to spread the glad tidings. The church is blest indeed where such devoted women rally round it.

LA PORTE, IND.—A sermon of Rev. Jay Belknap, entitled "Some Religious Motives," has been issued in pamphlet form. It is a simple, manly statement of the true motives of a religious life, and an earnest summons to the church at La Porte to put forth its utmost efforts to realize its own ideals and disseminate its principles. Mr. Belknap, who has but recently joined our fellowship, is proving himself an able and earnest minister of the new dispensation of truth. God speed his work in La Porte!

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—The Channing auxiliary of the First church, San Francisco, is doing good work, by sending religious literature to mining and lumber camps. The auxiliary is a woman's organization with 101 members, and during the year expended \$665.35, leaving a balance of \$224.16 on hand.

HOBART, IND.—Twenty-five copies of the "Hymn, Tune and Service Book for Sunday-schools," published by the American Unitarian Association in 1871, are wanted at Hobart. Can any one of our schools, east or west, supply the need of this missionary post? Address: W. H. Rifenburg, Hobart, Ind.

CAMDEN, N. J.—REV. J. Leonard Corning continues his Sunday evening lectures through March, the topics as follows: "The Despair and Hope Concerning Human Nature;" "The Footsteps of Jesus" (illustrated); "The Atonement—Old and New;" "Heaven and Hell."

KALAMAZOO, MICH.—Miss C. J. Bartlett preached March 3, morning and evening, to the Unitarians of this flourishing town. In the evening the house was full, and standing room occupied.

ALTON, ILL.—Rev. Henry D. Stevens, of Moline, has accepted a call to the Unitarian Church at Alton, and expects to assume his new duties April 1.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—Rev. H. D. Stevens, of Moline, was in Champaign recently, lecturing and preaching, and reports an interest in the meetings that "ought to be made permanent."

DAVENPORT, IOWA.—The Post Office Mission Committee of Davenport were recently invited to report their work before an orthodox church gathering.

THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE

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A QUEER CHURCH.

A few weeks ago I was in a Chinese church, and as it was so different from anything I had ever seen before, I am going to tell you about it. It was a church for Chinamen, and it was called a Joss-House, because Joss is their name for God. A balcony, gay with Chinese lanterns, extended across the front of the building, which was three stories high and looked more like a theatre than like a church. I believe the two lower stories were used as a hospital and as a home for the priests; at any rate we had to climb to the third story before we came to their place of worship. Here we found "Joss," an ugly, wooden idol, life-sized, gorgeously-dressed, and sitting in state on the high altar. Before the altar a carpet was spread, and there the Chinaman comes to offer his prayers. In his hand he holds two pieces of wood, round on one side and flat on the other. After saying his prayer, he drops these on the carpet, and according as they fall he knows whether or not the prayer is answered. If both sticks fall on their flat side, the omen is very bad; if one falls on the flat, the other on its round side, his prayer is granted; if both fall on their round sides it is a sign of being partly granted.

Another way of praying is by means of small strips of red paper on which the prayer is printed and then pinned to the wall near the door. If a Chinese woman wishes for a son she sends in her printed slip; if a Chinaman wishes to send a horse or a house to some departed spirit, he cuts out an image of it on the slip. Fire is the means of communicating with heaven, so after a while the priest burns all these paper-prayers, in a handsome bronze furnace which stands outside the door, and thus they are supposed to go direct to heaven.

On the altar, beside Joss, were images of the Devil and his three brothers; a sweet-toned bell used to call the spirits when they are wanted, and a harsh drum to drive them off; incense-boxes; candles in red and gold papers, and models of sacred animals which it is profanity to touch. There were no seats in this church, for, although it is open at all times as a house of prayer, no regular service is held there; but along the walls were little stalls covered by canopies, and under each hung a sharp weapon. These are to be used against evil spirits, if any should intrude in the sacred place.

The air was smoky and stifling from the burning of the joss-sticks; these are small rolls of gum and odoriferous woods, about the size of a tobacco pipe, and their burning is supposed to be necessary to please Joss. I was very glad to get away from it myself and to step on to the balcony outside, from which I could look out over the city's housetops to where the moon was shining on the waters of San Francisco Bay. It seemed very pure and peaceful out there, by contrast with the smoke and tinsel and tawdriness inside. I was glad to get away, also, because there was something very unpleasant in the thought that any people should have nothing better for a religion. Yet, low and poor and superstitious as it seems to us, it suits the Chinaman, and he is almost never known to change it;

indeed, so faithful is he that if he dies in this country, his dead body must be sent home to China to be buried with his fathers, in order that his descendants may have an unbroken chain of protection from the departed spirits of the family.

A. B. M'M.

ONE of the "Country Week" girls exclaimed, on seeing a water-melon growing, "My! I always s'posed watermelons grew in the water."

Announcements.

Rev. JENKIN LLOYD JONES will preach next Sunday morning, at 11 A. M., on "The African Farm," and at 3:30 P. M. will hold the second "Preparatory Conversation;" subject, "Christianity." All Souls Unity Club, Monday evening, "Marble Faun" section. The lesson will be a study of Kenyon, followed by an illustration in modeling, by Sidney H. Morse, the sculptor. Tuesday, at 4 P. M., Browning section.

KENWOOD CHAPEL, corner Lake avenue and Forty-fifth street, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will speak at 8 P. M.; subject, "The Religion that is being Left Out." On Tuesday evening, April 2, at 8 P. M., a meeting will be held at the same place to consider the desirability of organizing a Unity Club. All interested friends invited.

J. R. EFFINGER will spend Sunday with the Unitarians of Geneva. He will preach in the morning, on "Salvation."

Rev. THOS. P. BYRNES, of Geneva, will preach in the Third Unitarian Church, in Chicago, March 31. His subject will be, "The Tendencies to Good in Nature and in Man."

A Dainty Easter Booklet.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., have just issued a new edition of Miss Burt's "Seed Thoughts from Robert Browning." It contains about forty pages of brief selections from the poet's writings, printed in handsome type on fine paper. Those who were readers of UNITY in 1885 will remember the story of the first issue of this little book. Miss Mary E. Burt, then a teacher in the Jones School, at the corner of Harrison street and Third avenue, Chicago, tried the novel experiment of interesting her children in quotations from Browning. Her success in this was a surprise to many, and this little book of quotations was compiled mainly from the children's favorites. The present edition is issued to supply the demand for a pretty and inexpensive Easter gift book that will contain thoughts worth preserving for themselves. It is bound in imitation parchment like "The Faith that makes Faithful," with a cover design by the author, printed in brown ink, carrying the motto, "Why stay we on the earth unless to grow." Price to UNITY subscribers 20 cents, or ten copies for \$1.50; postage 2 cents a copy.

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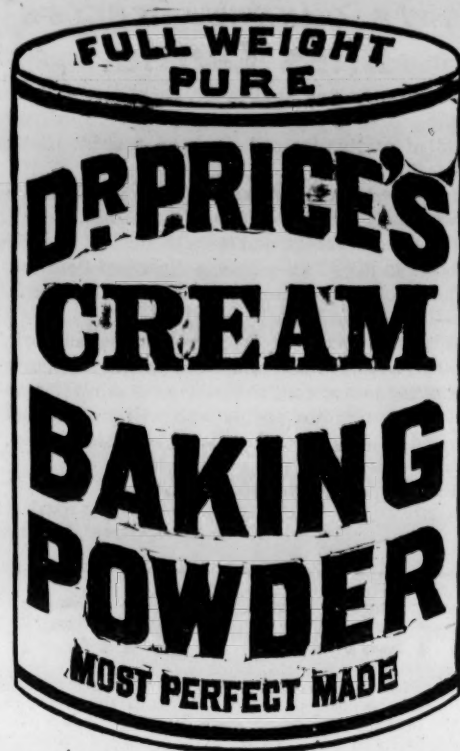
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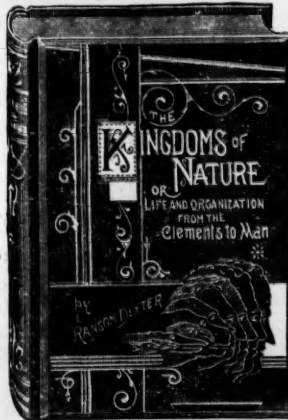
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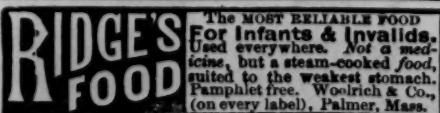
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